

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes 'One Square, one inch, one insertion', 'One Square, one inch, one month', etc.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Congressman William D. Kelley is delighted with the resources of the new South. In his opinion Anniston, Ala., is an ideal industrial centre...

The latest show window attraction in New York is animals. The electric dummies that thump on the window glass to attract one's attention are being supplemented in places by parrots that call to customers...

An Indianapolis colored barber is credited with eating, at one sitting, seven pounds of roast beef, forty-five pounds of vegetables, a pone of corn bread, a loaf of wheat bread, four pies and six glasses of iced tea.

Lieutenant Dudley Mills, of the British army, in a recent expedition to Shanghai, China, discovered the sculptured stones near Chinsiang, which he was the first foreigner to visit.

The mortality of the globe has recently been completed as follows: Per minute, sixty-seven; per day, 97,790; per year, 35,639,835. The number of births per year is about 36,792,000; and per day about 100,000.

The Philadelphia Press has been making a chemical examination of the output of Philadelphia bakeries. The result is startling. The amount of chromate of lead used in coloring cakes and buns by the Quaker City bakers is astonishingly large.

Valley City, Dakota, claims the greatest prodigy in music in the Northwest. It is Blanche Ramer, the four-year-old daughter of E. T. Ramer. She plays on the organ or piano strictly by note, and reads the notes with surprising rapidity and accuracy.

A party of treasure-seekers, backed by several Philadelphia capitalists, have chartered the schooner William P. Orr for a period of six months to look for 900,000 Spanish doubloons, which they assert are buried off the Delaware capes on the English privateer De Braak, which sank in 1798.

The two brothers sat down by the stove, and Amasa threw another stick of soft pine on the fire. It was brightly hot. "See here, Elisha," he said, after a pause. "How's the Grand American Eagle a-doin'?"

A SUMMER SONG.

Oh spirit of the summertime! Bring back the roses to the dells, The swallow from her distant clime, The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

How Amasa Snow got on his feet.

Amasa Snow sat in his little law office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his eyes full of wood and red hot. His office was about a rod from his house, and quite near the high wooden gate leading into the village street.

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"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rubbing his hands. "The girls will be so happy to see you. Come, let's go in the house."

He slipped an old, well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do Western bank president.

As they were crossing the threshold of the house, Amasa whispered: "Just tell the girls you're a millionaire; for a joke, you know."

Elisha winked. "Yes," he said, "for a joke—wish I was, though," and they entered the parlor. There were the six girls; six good-looking, hearty, frank, healthy country girls.

Elisha began to feel his old boastful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. "Why," he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. My five million dollars don't count very much out there."

"Elisha says he is going to build a public library building for East Chesterville," put in Amasa, without a grimace. "A public library, chorussed the girls.

"He says he don't mind paying off the debt on the church either," added their preparator of a father. "How perfect splendid!"

"No one would have thought the Grand American Spread eagle Mine would have panned out so well," said Amasa. "By this time the six girls were dancing around the room in their excitement.

"Elisha says the Sunday-school shall have a new organ if it takes his last cent," said their father, laughing heartily. He could not hold himself in.

"Well," said Elisha, "not quite as bad as that. But they shall have a new melodeon—yes."

"This capped the climax. The Sunday-school had been holding picnics, strawberry festivals, lectures, busy bees, and it did not know what besides—in which the six girls had taken a lively interest—to raise money enough for an organ; but, do their best, they could raise only about fifty dollars.

"Elisha said he would give me a new suit of clothes if I would give him a hundred dollars," said Elisha, looking at the girls. "I've done it—you've gone and done it!"

"When they were alone, Elisha said: 'You've done it—you've gone and done it!' as if to impress on the word of what they would say to him all over this village. Yes, and all over the State of Connecticut. I say, Amasa, this isn't right!"

more, his business picked up so that he paid a large sum on account all around among his creditors. They all said: "Elisha is doing it for him." He painted and refurbished the old Snow house. He ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his girls had some new clothes sent them from New York.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended leaving his money in equal shares to his six nieces, they went off literally like hot cakes. Mawley junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessie, and then they were all married off in batches of two, until the youngest refused to marry at all, saying, with her finger at her lip, "she preferred to stay with her father."

In one year all this happened. Amasa Snow was now a successful man—his debts paid, his practice increasing. One day the rumor reached him—why had not Elisha paid for that organ?

He went to Elisha. "It is time," he said, "for you to disappear." "I'm very contented here," protested Elisha, "reading the newspapers and sitting in the hotel. I agree with me. I don't want to disappear."

He liked the adulation extended to him on the ground that he was a millionaire. He played the easy, well-fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection. His acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it. He had just that amount of narrowness, of close-fistedness, of sagacious doubt as to the motives of men who approached him with schemes for investment; he acted the millionaire to perfection, and he never overdid it.

"Amasa, I can't go," he said. "They think I'm such a good man to make money. They have actually brought money to me to make more for them. Yes, I've received over fifty thousand dollars for investment within the last month."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Amasa. "This is dreadful! I see State-prison yards before me!" "It's just what the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine needs," said Elisha, "swelling himself out—a little money."

"Well, take the money and go, then—go! I will have nothing to do with this—nothing!" Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one now well married and happy, well-to-do, and said to them: "My dear girls, I have had a row," he said. "He is going back to California."

And the organ, the new library, the gymnasium? "Well, he is mad about something. He says the town has slighted him. But one thing must be understood, whatever he does—I wash my hands of him forever!"

Elisha did not leave a few days after. He took away about a hundred thousand dollars of widows' and orphans' funds, went to San Francisco, put his money into various enterprises, paid the beneficiaries eight per cent. interest, was honest as the day, and died a few years ago worth a great deal of money, which he left, share and share alike, to his brother's six girls, and he left a thousand dollars for the new organ.

Amasa said to Elisha a fairly well-to-do old lawyer—slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them, benignly: "Children, I have put all—and myself—on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mother an awful lie!"

"What was the lie, grandpopper?" "I had to say the easiest man alive—your granduncle, children—I had to say the penniless old rascal—your grandfather's brother, my dears, who had robbed me of all I had in one of my mines, the Great American Spread-eagle Gold and Silver—I had to say, and stand to it, that he was one of the biggest millionaires on the Pacific coast! But that he has put us all on our feet."—Richard H. Roe, in Harper's Weekly.

THE GREAT DRAFT RIOTS.

TERRIBLE OPPOSITION TO CONSCRIPTION IN NEW YORK IN 1863.

A Brief Sketch of the Sanginary Resistance to the Draft—Hundreds of People Killed.

The difficulty in enforcing the draft in New York might have been foreseen, indeed, it was plainly apprehended, but it was not thought advisable by the Federal authorities to materially alter the regulations of conscription in putting the law in force in that city. Still, there can be no doubt that the vastly different conditions then existing in New York from those in inland towns of the State, or even other seacoast cities, formed the original cause of the trouble.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Receipts.

TONGUE TOAST.—Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly all over on both sides, and minus crust. Butter it slightly. Grate with a large grater a liberal quantity of fine long-grain and spread it thickly over the toast. Lay the slices side by side on a large dish. Serve at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

LEMON CREAM.—Boil the thin peel of two lemons in one pint of cream, strain, and thicken with the well-beaten yolks of three and the whites of four eggs, into which half a teaspoonful of white sugar has been beaten. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, stir rapidly with the egg-beater until nearly cold, and pour it into glasses or cups. This quantity will fill six good-sized cups.

STEWED APPLES WITH RICE.—Scop out the cores and peel some fine russet apples, and stew them in clarified sugar. Boil some rice in milk with a pinch of salt, and sugar enough to sweeten it. Leave on the fire until the rice is quite soft and has absorbed nearly all the milk; place in a dish; arrange the stewed apples on the rice and put in the oven to remain until they are of a golden color.

CHIESE FRITTERS.—Put about a pint of water into a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg, and less of cayenne and plenty of black pepper. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then take it off the fire and work it into a quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese, and then the yolks of three or four eggs and the whites of two beaten up to a froth. Let the paste remain for a couple of hours, and then fry it the size of a walnut into plenty of hot lard. Serve sprinkled with very fine salt.

RHUBARB JAM.—To six pounds of rhubarb add six pounds of lump sugar and six large lemons; cut the rhubarb into small pieces about the size of a walnut; then the lemons should be sliced and the peel cut very fine. Put the fruit (taking out the pits from the lemons) all into a large bowl; then cover it with the sugar, broken small; let it stand twenty-four hours, after which boil it slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, taking care it does not stick to the pan, also not to stir much, to break the pieces of rhubarb, as the beauty of it is in being whole.

VEGETABLE AND FAMILY SOUPS.—Two pounds of lean beef, half an onion, one large carrot, one turnip, quarter of a cabbage heart, two fair-sized potatoes, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two stalks of celery, pepper and salt, three quarts of cold water, browned flour. Put the beef over the fire in the cold water, and cook slowly three hours. An hour before taking it from the fire prepare the vegetables. Shred the cabbage, cut turnips, celery, carrots and potato into dice, and slice the onion. Cook them half an hour in boiling, salted water. Drain this off and throw it away. By this time the meat should be tender, but not in shreds. Add the parboiled vegetables to it and the broth, put in the parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Cook all for fifteen minutes; stir in a gill spoonful of browned flour with cold water; boil up and pour out.

Useful Hints.

A few oyster shells, mixed with the coal used for a furnace or large stove, will effectually prevent the accumulation of clinkers.

To clean satin that has become greasy, sponge lengthwise, never across the width, with benzine, alcohol or borax water. Press on the wrong side.

It is said that white spots can be removed from furniture by rubbing with essence of camphor or peppermint, and afterward with furniture polish oil.

Put a small piece of charcoal into the pot when boiling cabbage to prevent the disagreeable odor that usually accompanies the cooking of this vegetable.

THE CARK OF CARE.

Like the rapacious caterpillar that strips the orchard's verdure, leaving stark and bare.

The arched bow that also had blossomed fair, With promise of ripe fruit for craving lips, Cries creep upon us stealthily, and sips The life-blood of our souls—wilt away rare Purpose and act—the will to do and dare— Without our fear of failure or eclipse.

Yield not, brave heart, to such a subtle foe, So small in its first brood; set stout best On the consuming ravage; hunt it down With firm endeavor; blast it with a frown Of noble deed; and thou shalt find and feel Sure-handed of the harvest's overflow.

—Margaret J. Preston, in Good Cheer

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The most charming talkers are those who think as you do.—Plymouth.

Which is the most voracious? A man will run after a dollar, while a dog will follow a scent.

Why a man boots his dog, but merely shows his man, has never been precisely determined.—Philadelphia Call.

Sophronia.—"Certainly, dear, imitation violins for the room adornment should be decorated with bows."—Boston Courier.

The mosquito is here and we realize that there are other troublesome bills besides the inter-state commerce affair.—Boston Bulletin.

Tennyson is ill with gout. It is apprehended that he caught it from some of his recent poetry, whose lameness is thus accounted for.—Boston Transcript.

Stiggins has married his type-writing girl. Before they were married he was in the habit of dictating to her, but now she dictates to him.—Boston Boston.

The baby believes in the motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place," and her place for everything is in her mouth.—Somerville Journal.

A Canadian has shot an American sewing machine agent; but shooting only one American, sewing machine agent won't settle the fishery trouble.—Traveler's Magazine.

"Is it right," asked a contemporary, "for a member of the General Assembly to go without his coat?" It depends upon where he is going. If he is going to bed it is all right.—Sarasoth News.

"What is the chief peculiarity of the Canadian climate?" asked a school examiner. "It is beneficial to bank cashiers," said the bright boy of the class, "but very deadly to reformers."—Judge.

"Oh, Mr. Lighthouse," remarked Miss Oldgirl, with a simper, "I've seen Miss Oldgirl happy summers to-day." "Only eighteen happy ones," replied he, with a grin in his tooth. "What an unhappy life you must have had."—New York Sun.

"Theodore, I don't believe you love me any more," said a K-street girl plaintively, as her best fellow, a Postoffice Department clerk, pulled her hastily from an ice cream saloon. "Oh, don't say that, dearest," said he, reproachfully. "Why, I named fourteen Postoffices after you last week."—Washington Critic.

WHERE, OR WHERE? The reasons fly swiftly away! Spurred has the good old day Begun on the first of the year! This truth to us yearly comes nigh, As we near through life's dreary vale, That diaries are kept, and that people who keep them for sale.

Infant Prodigies.

Willie Gordon, the ten-year-old son of a Mandan wholesale clothing dealer, is his father's bookkeeper and confidential clerk. He shows a surprising aptitude for business, and always takes entire charge of the store when his father comes East to buy goods.

Eddie Bace, a five-year-old youngster, of Glen's Falls, is the best drummer boy for miles around. He performs the most difficult beats without a flaw and never seems to get tired, although the drum he carries is nearly as big as his body. Eddie has never had any tuition, but he gets the beats right by instinct.

Lillie Stuch, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the State Librarian of Pennsylvania, recently composed a cradle song so difficult that her music teacher advised her to modify it. She said that she had made it difficult so that she might send it to Patti, who would be able to sing it. This she did, and it was sung by the diva with great success in the West.

Miss Fannie Block, of Jackson, Miss., is said by the State Ledger to be one of the most precocious children in the State. Though only nine years old she reads, writes and speaks English, German and French fluently, and reads French with ease. She is now beginning to master Greek. It took her only two months to learn German, and she acquired the other languages with equal readiness.

A little negro lad, about seven years old, living near Uniontown, Ga., is said to possess a wonderful talent for sculpture. He can take a lump of mud from the roadside and with his hands form any animal he ever saw, the proportions being perfect. He recently made out of clay a life-size statue of a dog that astonished everybody who saw it because of its extraordinary fidelity to life.

Paul Williams, the twelve-year-old son of G. B. Williams, of Newton, Mass., has neither arm nor legs—only stumps two inches long from his shoulders and similar stumps, eight inches in length, in place of legs. Yet he is an accomplished penman and a very good artist. He holds the pen or brush between his chin and one shoulder stump, and moves it with his head. Besides all this, he is a pupil of high standing in the Newton High School.

An Ungrateful Panther.

Jim Ponce, of St. Augustine, Fla., going through the woods heard tremendous squawls, yells, and roars, and cautiously investigating came upon a seven-foot panther fighting with an alligator. Ponce said he had a pistol in his pocket, but he did not shoot the alligator, whereupon the panther, freeing himself, made for the hunter, who had a hard fight before he killed the ungrateful beast.—New York Sun.

A Reason For Happiness.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, sometimes makes very cutting remarks. She was recently told that her younger sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, looked older than her Majesty, whereupon she exclaimed: "Then she ought to be happy for she has wanted to be the elder sister all her life long, and now, at least, she appears to be so."—London Truth.

Curious Bugs.

Next door to the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company's store, Fulton street, is an exhibition case with glass sides containing three little turtles. The turtles are alive, and are about the size of a silver quarter. "Say, John," said a pretty shop girl to her young man, "Ain't they curious bugs?" John nodded and the tea clerk smiled.—See Page 2.